

The Family Tribune.

No. 295

VOL. II.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, 1873

THE DAILY TRIBUNE

Is issued every afternoon from the office, No. 51 Prince William Street.

Subscription Price \$5 per annum in advance. Single Copies two cents.

REGULAR CARRIERS will deliver the paper to subscribers in the City, at their places of business or residences, immediately after it is issued.

MAN. SUBSCRIBERS can secure the DAILY TRIBUNE (postage pre-paid) at \$6.50, or \$5, postage paid at office of delivery.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE is issued every TUESDAY MORNING, and mailed in time for the early morning trains, East and West.

Subscription Price ONE DOLLAR, invariably in ADVANCE. POSTAGE must be paid at the office of delivery.

ADVERTISING RATES. The following are the rates charged for Transient Advertisements in THE TRIBUNE:

For Advertisements of Governments, Corporations, Railways and Steamboat Companies and other public bodies—for Theatres, Concerts, Lectures and other public entertainments, first insertion, 15 cents; each subsequent insertion 10 cents.

For ordinary mercantile transient advertising, first insertion, 10 cents; each subsequent insertion, 5 cents. Advertisements of Employment Wanted, Help Wanted, Agents Wanted, Rooms Wanted, Articles Lost, Articles Found, Houses to Let, Lectures, Removals, &c., &c., inserted in condensed form, not exceeding five lines, at 25 cents each insertion, and five cents for each additional line.

Marriage Notices, 25 cents; Deaths 25 cents; Funeral Notices 25 cents, for each insertion.

Contracts for advertising BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL CARDS: GENERAL BUSINESS, LAND SALES, ETC., for long or short periods, may be made at the counting room, on the most liberal terms.

Contracts for yearly advertising will secure all the advantages of transient advertisements at a very much lower rate.

Advertisers in THE DAILY TRIBUNE will insure proper display and accuracy in their advertisements by sending the manuscript to the counting room, 51 Prince William Street.

Merchants, Manufacturers and others are respectfully solicited to consider the claims of THE DAILY TRIBUNE in the distribution of their advertising patronage.

THE TRIBUNE has already secured a large circulation in the city, while the sales are not exceeded by any other Daily.

M. McLEOD, BUSINESS MANAGER.

MAPLE HILL.

The Subscriber begs to announce to his friends and acquaintances that he has opened a HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT IN AN AWAGONISH ROAD, THIS PLACE IS BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED AND OFFERS ALL THE CONVENIENCES AND COMFORTS OF A GRAND RESORT.

THE BEAUTIFUL & SPACIOUS GROUNDS AT MAPLE HILL ARE ADAPTED FOR GOLF AND SPORTS. FIRST CLASS OF APPLICATION TO THE PROPRIETOR.

CHARLES WATTS, PROPRIETOR.

CARD.

D. E. DUNHAM, ARCHITECT, Rooms, 1 and 3 Bayard's Building, (UP STAIRS).

106 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. Persons intending to build or remodel their Buildings would do well to call at the above office before commencing operations, as the architect's services are free of all charge, and the information that can be obtained from the architect's office is of great value.

Also a Large Room to be let for Breeding Purposes.

JAMES HINCH, PROPRIETOR.

Choice Flour.

Landing ex Kettle Stevens, G. P. Baird, Elias S. Annie B. and Miss:

3000 BARRELS of the following favorite brands:

SPINKS EXTRA SNOW FLAKE ALBION CITY EXTRA SUPERFINE BLENDERS PORT ROBE.

For sale by HALL & FAIRWEATHER, Special Inducements to Cash Purchasers!

HARNESS.

FOR Learning with Patent Bolt Harness for Harness for Farming, Light and Heavy Harness for driving, of every description.

Hats, Caps, Keweenaw and Leather Tricorne MOOSE HAIR COLLARS, warranted safe. Horse Blankets, Craggins, Hatters, &c.

at 13 Charlotte Street, JOHN ALLINGHAM.

Cider.

Received for sale: 20 Barrels NOVA SCOTIA CIDER 10 Water Street, J. D. TURNER.

HAMS and SPICED B CON. For sale at R. E. FURDENO'S, 41 Charlotte Street.

SONG.

There was Kate, with an eye like a hawk; There was Blanche with an eye like a fawn;

There was Fanny, as fresh as the rose on its stalk; And Annie, as bright as the dawn.

There were Polly, and Dolly, and Jessie, and Rose; They were fair, they were dark, they were tall;

There were short, they were tall, they were all; I changed my washbrook when the wind blew.

For I loved them all—and I loved them all. Like the showers and sunshine of spring,

The sweetest of smiles I had; Like a fawn I tried to be a trying wing,

In the heat of a heart of lad. Oh! Annie and Fanny, and Jessie and Kate,

How love you've perished, and promises all! You were all pledged to me, and I want you all!

But I loved you all—and I loved you all. And Fanny kissed me in the lane;

But Rose held out, as a young maiden should. Till she found I'd not ask her again.

Now they're married, and mothers, and all; And 'tis long since I saw my dear Rose;

And I never tell her what we never recall. For I love my wife—how I loved the rest!

"OLY A HUTTON."

BY AMY RANDOLPH. A cheerful south room, with a bay-window full of blossoming plants; a bright fire glowing behind a burnished grate;

a carpet whose soft, velvety piles was shaded in blues and wood colors, to correspond with the damask covered furniture;

and a little gilded clock, which had just struck nine at night—all these things met Mrs. Chickery's eye as she laid down her book, and yawned as widely as her ripe cherry of a mouth would admit.

She was a plump, fair-faced young matron of some four or five and twenty, with bright auburn hair, soft blue eyes, and a complexion whose roses stood in need of no artificial rouge to heighten their charms, while her dress of soft crimson merino was exquisitely adapted to her semi-blonde style.

"Fanny," said Mr. Chickery, looking up from his newspaper, "did you call on those Carters to-day?"

"No; I never thought of it."

"And they leave town to-morrow morning; and Carter is absurdly sensitive to all slight fancies or real Fanny, I directed you to make a point of calling."

"Well, I did intend to, Frank," pouted Mrs. Chickery, "but one can't think of everything."

"You cannot, it seems."

"It appears to me you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill," said Fanny, rather tartly.

"It may affect my business very seriously, Carter's house carries great influence with it."

Mrs. Chickery was silent, patting the velvet carpet with her foot in a manner that indicated some annoyance.

"I shall have to leave very early to-morrow morning," said her husband, presently.

"To go to Scenerville, about Aunt Elizabeth's will?"

"Oh, I would not, Frank."

"Why not?"

"It's such bitter cold weather to travel in; and Aunt Elizabeth is such a whimsical old woman, it's likely as not that she'd change her mind about making a will when you get there. I would wait a little, if I were you."

"Mr. Chickery smiled.

"That would be your system of doing things, Fanny, but not mine."

"I mean that you believe in putting things off indefinitely, and not always in the wisest manner. I wish you would break yourself of the habit, Fanny. Believe me, it will some day bring you to grief."

Mrs. Chickery contracted her pretty eyebrows.

"I don't believe in being lectured, Frank."

"And I don't very often lecture you, my dear; pray give me credit for that."

"You don't think you were marrying an angel when you took me, I hope?"

"No, my love. I thought I was marrying a very pretty little girl, whose few faults might easily be corrected."

"Faults! Have I any great faults, Frank?"

"Little faults may sometimes entail great consequences, Fanny."

"I've no need any more I shall go out of the room."

"You need not, for I am going myself to pack my valise. By the way there's a button on the shirt I want to wear to-morrow. I wish you would come up stairs and sew it on for me."

"I will, presently."

"Why can't you come now?"

minutes, or miss the only through train. It's of no use speaking to the cook now."

"Oh so sorry, Frank."

Mr. Chickery did not answer; he was apparently absorbed in turning over the various articles in his bureau drawer, while Fanny sat shivering on the edge of the bed, cogitating how hard it was for her husband to start on a long journey that bitter morning without any breakfast.

"I can make a cup of coffee myself over the furnace fire," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, but Mr. Chickery said interposed:

"Sit down, Fanny, please. I would rather you would sew the button on the neck of my shirt. I have packed the other—that that are fit to wear. I have shirts enough, but not one of them in repair."

Fanny crimsoned as she remembered how often, in the course of the last month or two, she had promised herself to devote a day to the much needed renovation of her husband's shirts.

She looked around for her thimble. "I left it down stairs last night. I'll get it in a minute."

The housemaid had just kindled a fire in the sitting room grate; it was blazing and crackling cheerily among the fresh coals, and Fanny could not resist the temptation of passing a moment to warm her chilled fingers, and catch the greenish-purple spires of flame so merrily up to the chimney, and she heard her husband's voice calling her imperatively:

"Fanny, Fanny, what are you doing?"

"Oh, dear, I thought the fire, as she ran up stairs, 'I wish Frank would be so good. He's always in a hurry.'"

Littie Mrs. Chickery never stopped to think that the real reason was that she, his wife, was never 'in a hurry.'

The needle threaded, the thimble fitted on, an appropriate button was next to be selected.

"Oh, dear, Frank, I haven't one the right size."

"Sew on what you have, then; but be quick."

But Fanny was quite certain there was "just the right button" somewhere in her passie basket, and she proceeded to search for it.

"There, I told you so!" she cried, triumphantly holding it up on the end of her needle.

"Well, well, sew it on quick," said Mr. Chickery, glancing at his watch nervously.

"That's just your worrying way, Frank; as if anybody could sew a button on well in a hurry. There! my needle has come unbuttoned."

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" sighed her husband, fairly out of patience at last, "why don't you go to the laundry and get a new one?"

"I shall miss the train; and what little chance we had of a plan in Aunt Elizabeth's will is sacrificed to your miserable habit of being always behind hand."

Fanny gave him the shirt, and began to whisper a title, but Mr. Chickery had neither the time nor the inclination to listen to her petulant manifestation of grief. He finished his dressing quickly, and then he called her to him.

"What a good bye," and ran down stairs, two steps at a time, into the street.

"There he goes," said Fanny; "and he'll be gone away cross with me, and all for nothing but a miserable button! I wish there was some one to scold him for it. I shall miss the train; and what little chance we had of a plan in Aunt Elizabeth's will is sacrificed to your miserable habit of being always behind hand."

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Not alone the one missing button, but the scores—many, hundreds—of trilling omissions, forgetfulnesses, and post-positions which made her life one endless endeavor to "catch up" with the transpiring present, seemed to present themselves before her mind's eye. What would this ending? Was not the present lesson sufficiently momentous to teach her to train herself in a different school? She rose, and came to her husband's side, laying out 'treasured' hand on his shoulder.

"There shall be no more missing buttons, my love," she said, earnestly. He comprehended all that she left unspoken, and silently pressed the little hand in his own; and not a word was said more than upon the subject.

But it was not forgotten. Chickery sat herself resolutely to work to prevent the rank weeds growing in the garden of her life. And she succeeded, we will all say, when we resolve to do a wise thing.

B. P. PRICE,

DEALER IN Groceries, Flour, Cornmeal and Provisions generally.

COUNTRY PRODUCE of every description.

No. 20 King Square, (Continental Hotel Building), SAINT JOHN, N. B.

POTATOES, Turnips and Apples.

Fresh Eggs.

A LOT OF FRESH EGGS just received.

SEASONABLE GOODS

No. 67 King Street.

A LARGE STOCK OF Dress Materials,

NEW SHAWLS, New Mantle Cloths.

KNITTED WOOL GOODS,

FELT SKIRTS, TRIMMED SKIRTS, BLACK QUILTED SKIRTS, &c., &c.

WETMORE BROS., Choice Leaf Lard.

A LOT OF CHOICE LEAF LARD, in casks. For sale by W. E. PUDDINGTON.

Skates! Skates!

NEW STYLES, OLD STYLES, All Lengths. All Prices.

WITH BROAD STRAPS AND NARROW STRAPS.

"Wholesale" make—"Marden's" make—American Skates, Skate Goggles, Skate Caps, Skate Screws, Skate Goggles, Skate Goggles.

SKATE GROUND, 27 BARCLAY STREET, A. C. BERRYMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Grapes, Filberts, Raisins, Cheese.

LOGAN & LINDSAY ARE RECEIVING THIS DAY:

38 KEES MALAGA GRAPES, 20 boxes, 50 lbs. boxes New Layer Raisins; 50 boxes, 50 lbs. boxes New Layer Raisins; 50 boxes, 50 lbs. boxes New Layer Raisins.

And also "Mary E." from Boston: 50 lbs. ONIONS, 30 lbs. Baldwin Apples, 50 lbs. Assorted Apples—Baldwin Pippins, Spitzenberg, Redman, &c. 10 CASKETS in Stock—110 cask Cheese; all first quality.

For sale, 66 KING STREET.

FIRE INSURANCE, The Mutual Insurance Company, SAINT JOHN.

INCORPORATED IN THE YEAR 1840. PRESIDENT: JOHN SMITH, Esq., Merchant.

OFFICE: No. 13 PRINCE STREET, opposite Ritchie's Building.

The attention of the Public is respectfully called to the benefits derivable from Insurance with this Company. The insured being allowed two-thirds of the net profit annually. The declared Dividends paid annually are at least 50 per cent. The most superior Risks are selected under the approval of the President or Directors. Every Policy-holder possesses a number of shares in the profits of the company, and has the benefit of voting for the election of Directors at the annual meeting.

ALEX. HALLISTINE, Secretary and Collector.

R. STEWART, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN Toys and Fancy Goods.

A Large and varied stock for CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS!

Including a nice lot of ROCKING HORSES.

AT FULL LOW RATES. No. 65 GERMAN STREET, (Next Trinity Church), SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Flour. 12,000 BBL. FLOUR, including all the well known brands, to arrive.

For sale by J. W. F. HARRISON, 16 North Water Street.

REMINGTON'S

Sporting, Hunting and Target Breech-Loading RIFLES & SHOT GUNS

Long Range Match Rifle for "Credwood" Shooting, now ready. The same as "Black & White," "Feld and Fern" and "Amateur." Also "Amateur" and "Amateur" Rifles, and "Amateur" Shot Guns, &c. See Reports. Unequaled for accuracy by other makers.

For simplicity of mechanism, ease of manipulation, quality of workmanship, and accuracy of range and penetration.

It is a noteworthy fact that though many different makes of rifles are used in the matches, including the celebrated Springfield, Remington, Martini, Bullseye and Winchester, every prize in all the matches was won by the long range rifle made by the late—From N. Y. Times, June 22, 1873. (See full report on page 10.)

The Remington Rifle won Twenty-two out of Twenty-three Prizes at the Credwood Meeting, June 21, 1873.

Also, Repeating, Pocket, Deringer and Vest Guns.

PISTOLS & RIFLE CANES.

Double Barrel Breech-Loading Gun IS NOW READY.

The best ever offered, containing all the most valuable features of the best imported together with some valuable improvements. Peculiarly adapted to the gun. Top Snap action, break open and shut, and shut by one motion.

E. REMINGTON & N. Y., 281 & 283 Broadway, N. Y.

OR, ARMOY, ILLINOIS, N. Y.

TOBACCO.

Now Landing:

50 BOXES "Our Brand" best 1 1/2 TOBACCO.

And fully expected.

25 boxes "Virginia" TOBACCO.

nov 24 BERTON BROS.

Mechanics' Institute!

LECTURE SEASON, 1873-74.

30th Annual Course.

The President and Directors of the SAINT JOHN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE beg to announce that they have arranged for the approaching season a course of lectures on the following subjects:—

1. On the subject of the "Machinery of the Human Body," by Dr. J. W. F. HARRISON.

2. On the subject of "The Steam Engine," by Dr. J. W. F. HARRISON.

3. On the subject of "The Electric Telegraph," by Dr. J. W. F. HARRISON.

4. On the subject of "The Steamship," by Dr. J. W. F. HARRISON.

5. On the subject of "The Railway," by Dr